# MUNYONS

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No matter what the disease is or how

No matter what the disease is or how many doctors have failed to cure you, ask your druggist for a 25-cent vial of one of Munyon's Cures, and if you are not bene-fited your money will be refunded.

## HORSES FOR EXPORTATION. Report That They Are Wanted for Slaughtering Denied.

From the Omaha Bee. During the past few weeks reports have en persistently circulated to the effect that large numbers of horses were being bought up in the west and exported for slaughtering purposes. These reports for the most part appear to have originated at the seaboard, where it was said shiploads of horses were being consigned to European countries. A good many horses in the course of a year are received and for-warded at South Omaha. Careful inquiry among the dealers at the stock yards, who are familiar with the ins and outs of the trade, failed to elicit any information tending to confirm the reports.

There has been a very material increase during the past two or three months in the demand abroad for good, serviceable draft demand abroad for good, serviceable draft horses. The horses raised in Missouri and Iowa are specially desirable for this trade. They are from fourteen to sixteen hands high, are heavily built and are admirably suited for the saddle or for draft purposes. A good many of these horses find their way to Chicago, where they are picked up in large hunches by the speculators. The freight charges from that city to New York are on an average of \$10 per head, and the ocean freight to Hamburg \$25 additional. A good many horses succumb to the hardships of ocean travel, and the losses are heavy. It will be seen from this that the expense of placing a western horse on the German market is great, and high prices must be realized to make up for it. In New York city the report that horses are being exported for slaughter has created a good deal of interest, but investigation shows that there is no truth in the rtatement. The Journal of Commerce quotes a representative of the Hamburg-American line of steamers as follows: "Our line carries from fifty to 200 horses on each passage of its freight steamers. I have personally attended these shipments and I am sure that none of the horses we shipped were for slaughtering purposes. In fact, the horses which have been shipped during the past three months were fine, big draft horses, weighing perhaps on an everage 1,500 pounds, and they brought anywhere horses. The horses raised in Missouri and

the horses which have been shipped during the past three months were fine, big draft horses, weighing perhaps on an everage 1,500 pounds, and they brought anywhere from 800 to 1,000 marks in Hamburg, and were used exclusively for agricultural purposes. The horses are not going into the army, as they have neither the speed nor the action required. As a whole, the horses being exported are of good breed and are worth considerable money. If they were not nobody would be willing to pay \$25 a head in freight charges."

Horses have been so low of late that they were not worth rounding up on the ranges. A representative of a western cattle company said in South Omaha last fall that he would be glad to give away his horses to any one who would round them up and take them away where they would not eat up the grass on the range that was wanted for the cattle. The report that horses were wanted abroad for slaughtering has created a hope that an outlet might be found after all for the range horses. Eastern exporters, however, say that even if there was a foreign cemand for horses for slaughtering purposes the common western bronchos would not sell, as they are not the kind that would be considered fit for that purpose.

Papa—"Well, the matter seems to be fairly competent hands."

### If You Are Suffering

from any irritating, disfiguring humor or ecuption, such as Pimplea, Blotches, Blackbeads, Ring Worm, Tetter, Eczema, Sait Rheum, Prickly Heat or Itching Piles, you can be speedily and per-manentic sured by using

## Foster's German Army and Navy! Cure.

A positive remedy for all skin diseases and insuring a bright, clear, healthy complexion. 50 CENTS PER BOX AT DRUG STORES.

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You can make your home and office like a summer resort by putting in an electric fan and discarding the hot gas light, substituting electricity. No power is as clean, as stable or as cheap as electricity. We furnish the current. Drop us a postal or call up 'phone 77 and we'll turn it on. United States Electric Lighting Co., 213 14th st. n.w.

Get the Best. THE CONCORD HARNESS. LUTZ & BRO.,

4-7 Penn, ave., adjoining National Hotel. Trunks, Satchels and Leather Goods. au17-161

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## Our Prices On Children's Shoes

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Confirm our statements—that we name the LoWEST PRICES in the city. We have some unusually tempting bargains in CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES—unusual, because quality and style are combined with lowness of price, in a way that the uptown stores fail to approach.

Robert Cohen & Son, 630 Pa. ave., powntown american shoe men.

## Dissipated Watches

That won't keep regular hours—are inclined to be "fast" and are tardy in performing their duties—We take them in hand, introduce them to our Young Men's Timekeepera' Association and make bright, steady, reliable, good workers of them. Cleaning or mainspring, 75c. HUTTERLY'S Association for Reforming Bad Time-keepers-632 G st., opp. City P. O. au23-12d

FAIR SEX ON WHEELS

A Few Practical Hints on Proper Costume for Riding.

The Style of Dress for Certain Styles of Girls-The Best Colors-

Written for The Evening Star.

The popular prejudice against a woman's riding a wheel, so prevalent a year or so ago, may be said to have died out almost entirely. And it is beyond a doubt an established fact that the blovcle brings out many charming characteristics strictly feminine. Of course, as in everything else there are exceptions to the general rule, and the costume and the woman have a great deal to do with the impression giver by the tout ensemble. Some women do not have to mount a wheel to appear ridiculous and vulgar at any time and under the most favorable conditions.

If a woman is naturally homely and ungraceful, she is apt to be incongruously out of place on a wheel; but if she be pretty

of place on a wheel; but if she be pretty and full of grace and dons a chic costume she could not appear to a better advantage, try as she might.

But not one woman in a dozen knows how to select a suit which will be easy, graceful and stylish, as well as durable. Of course the daughters of fortune need not wrinkle their pretty brows very much on this score, for an order at their tailor's will procure them all that is desired on short notice.

## For Short and Tall Women.

A short weman makes a great mistake in wearing ar abbreviated skirt and large sleeves. She would appear to a much bet ter advantage in a long divided skirt and a waist made of some soft, light material: while, on the other hand, a tall, wellformed girl looks exceedingly well in a full, round skirt made of light covert cloth. lined with bright silk, and reaching to the top of irreproachable brown leather shoes. With this can be worn a tight-fitting jacket, minus stays, and lined with the same shade of silk as the skirt, so, if desired, the jacket can be thrown open, revealing a soft silk waist. Sleeves should never be stiffened, as a full sleeve, with which the wind can have full play, tends to make the rider appear more graceful. For petite women jockey caps, or, in more epproved manner, golf caps, are most becoming, but for Juno's daughters always something striking or severe, if possible. An alpine made of the same cloth as the suit, or a jaunty Tam O'Shanter, with a shaded wing on the side, is very pretty.

A Stylish Costume. lined with bright silk, and reaching to the A Stylish Costume.

One of the most stylish, as well as durable costumes, I have seen, was worn by very tall and handsomely formed brunette at a fashionable northern resort. It was made of coarse tow linen. The skirt. which just revealed her ankles, was plain, but very full, falling in folds. The waist was made blouse effect, hanging in foose plaits, and set off by a broad sailor collar of Scotch plaid silk. The full bishop sleeves were finished with turn-back cuffs of the plaid. With this costume was worn a Tam O'Shanter of the linen, with two variegated quills at the side. Brown shoes and stock-

quills at the side. Brown shoes and stockings and brown suede gloves completed
this fin de siecle maid, rendering her the
observed of all observers, and queen of at
least one bicycle fete.

Brown, of a light shade, whether in lightweight or heavy material, is the color
generally preferred, both for showiness and
durability. Black and blue I find from experferce are to be abounded. perience are to be abominated. Bloomers.

I have not said a word about bloomers No, for the less said on that subject the better. I have never heard a man speak I will warrant there are not many men who would care to see their mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters rigged up in any such manner.

the other evening when my attention was attracted to a group of men by their laughing in a loud and boisterous manner the common western bronchos would not sell, as they are not the kind that would be considered fit for that purpose.

Hope.

Hope.

From Vogue.

Mamma—"What can we do to cure that boy of fighting? Look at those two black eyes."

Pana—"Well the matter seems to be in all that was needed to complete the nickure. It was not set to be in the waist of the matter again I would have been satisfied on that score, it was all that was needed to complete the nickure. have been satisfied on that score, it was all that was needed to complete the picture. No, girls, ride your wheels to your hearts' content, it will lighten your spirits and bring color into your cheeks, but do not ever let your children or grandchildren say their mother or grandmother wore bloomers.

M. B. L.

## Mark Twain on the Mississippi.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Our moralizing on the fleeting grandeur. of this world was interrupted by a single tap of the bell, and we hurrled to the side to see them heave the lead. This is a very important duty between Cairo and St Louis, as sand bars are so numerous that soundings are necessary to find a channel. In fact, the river changes constantly. For irstance, on the down trip they had passed through the regular channel, but on the up through the regular channel, but on the up trip a channel that had not been navigable for many years was used. "Mark twain," sings out the sailor, and "Mark twain" is repeated until it reaches the pilot. "Quarter less twain," then "Mark three," the words seem to have a fascination, and unconsciously we repeat them until it assumed the terrible welrdness of "Punch, punch, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passengaire." We enjoyed some mathematical calculations as soon as we disthe passengaire." We enjoyed some mathematical calculations as soon as we discovered that "twain" meant a fathom, or



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. MEW YORK, M.Y.

HAS PLENTY OF TIME. Man Who Thinks That Babit is

o dinners and theaters, and was there

"Of course, I have time," he answered

"Why shouldn't I? I'm one of the busiest

men in New York, and I work hard. Why

shouldn't I have time, I say? I flatter my

self that I make the time that I devote to

what there is to good purpose.

fore a lucky man.

From the New York Tribune. Some one remarked to the out-to-dinner Men Were Soing Astray. man the other evening that he seemed to have all the time that he wanted to devote

Duty and Then He Made an

social pleasures, so that I'm entitled to it. From the Chicago Times-Herald. This thing of having no time is all nonsense. The way to have time is to use "Now," he said, "I want to give you an idea of how easy it is to make time. I'm in my office every morning at 9 o'clock,

and from that on to 1:30 I drive ahead at my work without stepping. At 1:30 I go out to luncheon, and I stay one hour. That's å good long time for luncheon, some busy man will say, but I don't think so. I think it a saving of time to spend an hour at luncheon. Why do I go to luncheon so late? Well, "Why do I go to luncheon so late? Well, that's one of my time-saving devices. In the first place I find that the way to do a lot of work is to 'hit up a stone,' as we used to say in college, and keep it up. It is the interruptions that count in using up time. Now, at 12 o'clock I've just struck my speedlest gait, and it would be foolish to stop then. I just keep right on carving work all to pieces while most men are getting ready to go to luncheon.

"There's another advantage, too, about going out at 1:30. I have to see and talk with several callers every day. Now. I

There's another advantage, too, about going out at 1:30. I have to see and talk with several callers every day. Now, I don't have many callers between 12 and I because they are all devoting themselves to eating. That gives me a clear hour for work just when I am swinging along at my best. The callers come down on me in flocks in the afternoon. I'm just through with my luncheon at 2:30, and I see them and talk with them at a time when I shouldn't be fit for hard mental labor. By the time I have cleaned out half a dozen callers I am ready to drive ahead again with office work.

"But up to the time when you men begin to go home, 3:30 and 4, I have had only child's play. It's between 4 and 6 and 4 and 7 that I get in my real work. You see all downtown is moving along toward home after 4 o'clock, so people let you alone, and you can just break records on work.

"Now, I dare say that If you were going to a 7 o'clock dinner engagement you'd feel peryous If you weren't started for home by

"Now, I dare say that if you were going to a 7 o'clock dinner engagement you'd feel nervous if you weren't started for home by 4:30. That's because you don't use your time for all that it is worth. I work right along till 6 o'clock. As you know, I live in the neighborhood of 5th avenue and 28th street. At the cutside it takes me twenty-five minutes to go from my office.

28th street. At the cutside it takes me twenty-five minutes to go from my office to my house. I dress in fifteen minutes, everything being ready for me when I get home. That leaves me twenty minutes to get to my dinner engagement. Not enough time? Bosh! I dress right along in fifteen minutes, and you can go three miles in twenty minutes, and I arrive looking as cool as a cucumber and as fresh as paint. "If the dinner is 7:30 I do not leave my office till 6:30. If it's a theater engagement I can make it, if necessary, getting a quick dinner, too, after leaving my office at 7. at 7.
"I'm an 'early home' man, because I usually put in a little time between my getting home and getting to bed in reading, or, if I am unusually busy, in work. I like to have from 11:30—12 at the latest—to 1 for that. Then I go to bed, and I'm up at 7 or 7:30

"Too much like hard work? Not a bit of "Too much like hard work? Not 2 bit of
it. That's why I can do hard work. I
change my train of thought and my direction of action completely. Work is an exhilarating change from being out to dinner, and being out to dinner is a fascinating excitement after work. Everything is
always fresh to me—work or play, and I
enjoy it

enloy it.
"Don't I get breathless, chasing around enjoy it.
"Don't I get breathless, chasing around so? Not in the slightest. It's all a matter of habit. The man who is afraid he's going to be late when he is half an hour ahead of time gets excited and breathless. The man who knows that he is going to get somewhere right on time is as cool as a seitzer lemonade over it. Didn't you yourself start this conversation by saying that I always seemed to have time to go out to dinner? That's an affectation of mine—making every minute count for what it is worth, and yet appearing to have loads of time to kill.
"It's all a matter of habit, I tell you. The man who knows how much can be done in fifteen minutes goes ahead and does it without making a fuss about it. The man who thinks fifteen minutes is too short a time for anything fumes around and drops that quarter of an hour. One man rushes to a railway station twenty minutes too soon, and walks up and down the platform in a nervous agitation. Another man come up now minute ahead of

minutes too soon, and waiks up and down the platform in a nervous agitation. Another man comes up one minute ahead of train time and climbs aboard in a good temper. One man drops fifteen minutes eight times a day and loses two hours. Another saves them all and seems to have two hours more in a day than his friend. "It's the easiest thing in the world to have plenty of time if you just go about it in the right way. The other afternoon I left my office at a quarter to 5, caught a Pennsylvania train at 5, dined with some friends in Philadelphia at half-past 7, caught the 10 o'clock train back, and was in New York at half-past 12. I had a very enjoyable evening, too. I have a cousin who is different. If he were going to dine in Philadelphia on Tuesday he would go over on Monday and come back on Wednesday a complete wreck. It's all a matter of habit, I say. Try it and see." the platform in a nervous agitation.

When Justice Strong Was a Boy. From the New York Tribune. \*
Even in his infancy Justice Strong's mind seems to have had a legal bent. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman-a classmate at Yale and warm personal friend of Justice Stephen J. Field's father. According to one of the stories relating to the boyhood of the future associate justice, he abstracted a cake from the family table, which was spread for some festive occasion. The loss was not discovered until the family and guests were seated at the table, and nothing was said about it at the time. After the guests had departed, how-ever, the reverend father of the young epicure said to him: "Don't you know, my son, that in tak-"Don't you know, my son, that in tak-ing that cake you broke one of God's com-

mandments?" "responded the young hopeful, who had the catechism at his tongue's end, "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" "Answer 82. No mere man, since the fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word and deed." What reply, if any, was made to this by the boy's father is not a matter of record, but it will be generally admitted that the future jurist there and then fairly won his first case. ly won his first case

## He Knew Better.

From Town Toples. "You ne dn't tell me that women have no sense of humor," said Ricketts to Fosdick. "Well?"

"I overheard a stuttering man propose once. He said: I 1-1-love y-y-ou d-d-d-devotedly, m-m-my d-d-d-ear B-B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-marry m-me?" And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan the minx had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.'"

#### The Ould Woman. From the Chicago Tribure.

"I'm not troublin' meself about the nex woman," hiccoughed O'Murther, making his way deviously homeward at 3 a.m. "It's the ould woman that's worryin' me."

#### A Bold Girl. From the Boston Transcript.

Talk of women being timid! Nonsense! Why, a little meek-faced, thin slip of a girl will wear balloon sleeves right in the mid-dle of the cyclone belt, and that without

#### A Brief Acquaintance. From Life.

Flora (at the seaside)-"What sort of fellow is he, anyway?"

Julia-"I don't know. I've only been engaged to him since last evening. A True Friend.

MR. PETTIBONE'S SUSPICIONS

He Was Apprehensive That the Young

He Had a Struggle to Determine His Important Discovery.

Mr. P. F. Pettibone tells of an interesting experience he had at Oconomowoc last week. He was visiting Mr. Ferd W. Peck. Both Messrs. Pettibone and Peck are fa mous yachtsmen; Pettibone is commodore of the Chicago Yacht Club and Peck has exclusive control of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Oconomowoc navy-and a rattling good navy it is, too, despite the misrepresentations of Oconomowoc's loath-some rival, Waukesha. It is easy enough, therefore, to understand that between Messrs. Pettibone and Peck this bond of sympathy serves to attract the two com modores, the one to the other. There was to be a yacht race at Oconomowoc-but this has nothing to do with this particular

After the ball at Draper Hall (at which ball the gallant Chicago commodore danced with innumerable pretty girls), and after long talk with Mr. Peck on the side porch rpon the subject of jibs, spankers, topsails and the like, it was suggested that, as Mr Pettibone had had a pretty long and a pretty hard day of it, he might like to go to bed. So the distinguished guest was shown up to that one of the front spare room which is called "the commodore's room. This apartment is one of the most attractive in Mr. Peck's palatial home. The feature which particularly pleased the Chicagommodore was that of a number of marine commodore was that of a number of marine and naval views which were hung upon the walls of the room; it made the brave old salt's heart beat high with enthusiasm to see depleted upon canvas such memorable and thrilling scenes as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Pharaon and His Army Engulfed," "The Launching of the Tarpon," "Frogging in Lac la Belle," "Farragut in the Rigging," "Sunrise on Fowler Lake," "High Tide at Nagowicka," etc. etc. Mr. Pettibone tecame so much interested in studying these pleces of historic art that it must have been 2 o'clock in the morning when he turned out the gas and crawled into bed. Hardly, however, was he between the sheets when ne distinctly heard subdued voices outside and beneath his subdued voices outside and beneath

### Prepared for Burglars.

"Don't talk so loud or you'll wake up somebody," said one of the voices. "Shiver my timbers if they ain't burglars!" thought Mr. Pettibone, and he got out of bed and stole noiselessly to the window. On his way there he incidentally picked up the bootjack, intending to brain the first burglar who sought to effect an entrance at the window. It was a calm, clear Saturday night, an appropriate finale to a busy and beautiful week. The moon had just risen. The wind dancing over the rippling waters brought echoes of the subdued music of crickets and katydids on the John Severance place: like a transfixed ghost the windmill loomed up among the trees on John Dunee's promontory. Had his mind not been preoccupied by thoughts of midnight plunderers, Mr. Pettibone doubtless would have let his enrantured eyes linger on the pairorama of loveliness that presented itself as he reached the windowsill—a scene that might have been mistaken for a soft Italian landscape but for the touches of local color imparted by the parrot on Clarence Peck's porch next door. "When will she be here?" asked a second voice. picked up the bootjack, intending to brain

roice.

"The train is due at half-past 2," answered voice No. I.

It was then that Mr. Pettibone discovered that his supposed burglars were not burglars at all, but were Ferd Peck, jr., and young Harry Higinbotham. It was a great reliet to Mr. Pettibone, for the bootjack

was heavy.
"I wonder what mischlef those boys are up to," thought Mr. Pettibone.
"Well, if the train is due then," young Highbotham went on to say, "we ought to start row."
"We mustn't make any noise," said young
Ferd. "I don't want anybody to know

Ferd. "I don't want anybody to know anything about it.
"Where are you going to take her?" asked young Highbothsm.
"Out into the beat house." said young Ferd. "That's the best place to keep her till morning. She's a beauty! You'll say so, too, when you see her."

He Was Disturbed in Mind. Mr. Pettibone. He heard no more, for the two hopefuls of the Peck and the Higinbotham families stole off the lawn and dis-

appeared down the street. Of course (good man that he was!) Mr. Pettibone was vastly disturbed. He had been a boy himself, but never-no, never in

Pettibone was vastly disturbed. He had been a boy himself, but never—no, never in all those halcyon days when the impulses of his youth were at their height, never had he thought or dreamed of such an escapade as this one in which these two mere boys were involved.

"Dear me! dear me!" sighed Mr. Pettibone, as he returned bedward. "I wonder if I ought to wake up the old folks and tell them about it. No, I would hardly be justified in an interference of that kind. Dear me! dear me! What are our boys coming to, anyhow?"

In a very perturbed state of mind the sturdy old saflor fell asleep. His dreams were very distressful; he dreamed all night that he was trying to rescue two youngmen who were going at full tilt down the downward path. The closer he got to them the farther they got away from him. This is invariably the way with dreams when one is sorely vexed in spirit. Mr. Pettibone awoke early, and regardless of the fact that it was Sunday he arose, dressed and went down stairs. He was nervous and agitated; he was still in doubt whether he ought to divulge his awful secret to the parents of the wayward youth. As he descended the stairs he heard voices on the back porch. Did his ears deceive him? No; it was indeed Mr. Peck's voice, and Mr. Peck was conversing with the two youthful participants in the last night's Mr. Peck was conversing with the two youthful participants in the last night's

escapade.

"She is a daisy, and no mistake!" Mr.
Peck was saying. "When did she get in?"
"She came in on the 2:30 train last
night," said young Higinbotham. "I wanted to take her to Draper Hall, but Ferd ined to take her to braper han, but returns sisted upon keeping her in the boat house all night."
"That was the best plan," said Mr. Peck, approvingly; "otherwise you couldn't have kept the matter quiet."

Mr. Pettibone Groaned.

A cold sweat broke out all over Mr. Pet-

"Can it be possible," he thought, "that this parent is privy, to this scandalous af-Mr. Peck went on to say: "Be very care-

ful and don't say anything about it to your mother when she comes down. We must not let a soul know she is on the premises. After breakfast you can turn her over to

After breakfast you can turn her over to Spaulding."

Mr. Pettibone leaved up against the wall and groaned. Spaulding is the youngest son in the Peck family—a dear little fellow hardly out of his first decade. When he contemplated the prospect of involving this prattling innocent in that mysterious liaison Mr. Pettibone completely lost all self-control. He simply leaned up against the wall and gave a sickening groan; then he groaned again, as himo pectore.

They must have heard him.
"Come right in, commodore," said Mr. Peck. "We'll let you into the secret because you've got discretion. This is little Spaulding's birthday, and there is a brandnew bleycle out in the boat house we're going to give him as a surprise after breakfast."

"Bievele?" gasned Mr. Pettibone.

"Bicycle?" gasped Mr. Pettibone.
"Yes, a bicycle," repeated Mr. Peck, "and she's a daisy!" she's a daisy!"

"She came in on the 2:30 last night," said young Ferd, "and Harry and I went down to the deput to get her."

"A bicycle? A bicycle, eh?" again gasped Mr. Pettibone Then, having mopped the cold sweat from his brow, he gave a hysterical laugh and continued: "Why, I thought..."

thought—"
But no matter what he thought. How vain are suspicions and surmises when confronted by the glorious truth. Mr. Pet-tibone was so sorry he had done those boys From Life.

Miss Withers—"What would you do if I should refuse you?"

He—"I'd see if I couldn't find some other fellow who would be willing to marry you."

I should refuse you?"

He—with the more seriously minded women folk. "COME TO MY ARMS."

Bashful Mr. Peterkin Finally Had the

From the Boston Herald.
"I have often wondered," said Squire Ben, "why it was that some women are overwhelmed with suitors, so to speak, while others have not a solitary one. There is something queer about it, but perhaps it comes from perfectly natural conditions. but of which we are unaware. And this reminds me of a story. Some thirty odd years ago-I don't know exactly how many, but it was some time during the war of the rebellion-I heard a story which a returned soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. The story made such an impression on me that I haven't forgotten it, and will tell it in outline.

"Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business in New York city, who got ahead in spite of his constitution. al modesty. This was in his way in society more than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady named Violet. He often called young lady named Violet. He often called upon her, and resolved again and again to offer her his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Capt. Latham of one of the sound steamers was often at the heuse when he called to see Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his wife. With remarkable coolness she replied:

"You should have spoken long ago. Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Capt. Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."
"Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow. A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him

ing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly and gently remarked: 'My dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months i have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard for me to make up my mind between him and his friend, the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter, after my husband's death, that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year.'

"So poor Peterkin retired once more; the Widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him. Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the ropes gave way; it fell and instantly killed the 'Peterkin rose to the emergency of the

gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men.

"Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began: 'My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on Broadway, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead, but you must let me comfort you. I beg you, now, to be mine—my Violet, at last.'

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry, but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry I took the doctor and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Jones I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

"Peterkin was very calm and self-con-

"Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said: 'And will you promise to be mine when the lawyer is no more?' Certainly I will with all my heart and soul." Then come to my arms, my Violet for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last!"

## Quite Well Deserved.

From an Exchange.

Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining lately in Paris with a British minister. Next to him at the table was a noted Newport belle, Miss

The conversation had drifted to a dis-

cussion of things American, and Lord D. was Disturbed in Mind.

dreadful young men!" thought

made some disagreeable remarks about some Americans he had met and some Yankee customs he abhorred. "Why, d'ye know," he continued, with an unpardonable want of tact, "that at some of the places that I dined at in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill their soup on the tablecloth."

Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied with an apparent unexperient.

ent unconcern:
"What poor letters of introduction you
must have had, my lord!"
must have had, my lord!" There was no more unpleasant talk about Americans that evening.

## Pulling Him Up.

From the Detroit Free Press. He was saying all sorts of soft things "Sir," she exclaimed, with sudden indig-

nation. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he replied, hastily, "I meant nothing by—"
"That's just what I don't like, sir. What want to hear is something you

## Wide Awake All Night.

From the Chicago Record. New Burglar-'Oh, say! Dere's a peach of a house to loot." Old Cracksman-"Humph! Dat's all you know about de hiz'

Old Cracksman—"W'y dey's twins in da New Burglar-"Huh?" Old Cracksman-"W'y



Take a small quantity of Cottolene and a little cream; warm in a frying pan. Break 6 eggs in it and stir until slightly cooked. Serve hot.

Use not more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would butter and be sure that you do not overheat it before dropping in the eggs. This is always essential in cooking with Cottolene.

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant acreath —on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago and 114 Commerce Street, Battimore.

DON'T KILL THE DOG.

If You Have Been Bitten, Wait and See if the Animal Has Hydrophobia.

From the Chicago Tribune.
"If you are bitten by a dog, don't kill the beast, but take every precaution to let him live for a few days, at least." Professo Logorio, chief of the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, made this oracular statement to a reporter of the Tribune, and he is supposed to be an authority on "dogs that bite and what to do with them." "It is a great mistake people make," he

said, "to start in at once to kill a dog that has bitten them, or have it killed for them. It has been proven scientifically and is admitted now by all physicians who are posted that hydrophobia is not a spontaneous disease, and cannot be given to a person by a dog bite unless the dog be mad when it causes the wound. The dog's condition, if it be mad, will be manifested within two days, or two weeks at the latest. By pernitting it to live, therefore, the physician can tell definitely whether the person litten is liable to have hydrophobia. If the dog goes mad within that time they know that the person bitten may be inoculated with the same dread disease and may have the same fate. If the dog does not go mad then there is no fear of hydrophobia and the wound can be treated the same as any other wound would be. By killing the dog you destroy the chance of certainty as to the fate of the person bitten and leave the imagination full rein to fear the worst results where it might have been possible to know in advance that hydrophobia was impossible.

"Of course," continued the doctor, "there has bitten them, or have it killed for them.

know in advance that hydrophoba was he possible.

"Of course," continued the doctor, "there are exceptions to this rule that will suggest themselves to persons. When a dog is so vicious that to leave it alive is to endanger other people, then the first duty would be to destroy it unless it could be kept carefully secluded where the possibility of harm would be removed. But even in such cases where the dog is killed it should be done by a physician, who should keep a portion of the brain, by which can be determined whether the dog had rabies or not."

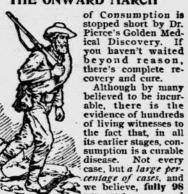
The Cow Was Dry

From the Macon News.

A Macon girl is just back from the coun-A Macon girl is just back from the country. While there she asked of a farmer:
"Why don't you milk that cow?" pointing to one in an adjoining lot.
"Because it is dry, miss."
"Dry?"
"Yes, miss. She's been dry for two weeks."
"You cruel wretch." she exclaimed, "why

"You cruel wretch," she exclaimed, "why don't you give her some water?" and the man turned his face toward the cow house and shook with emotions he could not sup-

#### THE ONWARD MARCH



of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percent are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copions expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

lar matter), great ioss of fiesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in miswho have no interest whatever in mis-representing them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty codliver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain. The photographs of a large number of The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

## THE ANIMAL EXTRACTS.

CEREBRINE Extract of the brain of the ox, for Nervous Prostration, Insomnia, CARDINE, Extract of the Heart, for Functional Weakness of the Heart.

MEDULLINE, Extract of the Spinal Cord, for Locomotor Ataxia.

TESTINE, For Premature Decay.

For Diseases of Women.

THYROIDINE, For Eczema and impurities of the blood.

Dose, 5 drops. P SOLE OWNERS. Price, \$1.25. Columbia Chemical Co., 1404 FOURTEENTH ST. N.W. Washington, D. C. Send for book. Je6-th,s, tutf



## Wilson's \$3.50 Shoes

-are built for the occupancy of tender feet-particular feet-feet that are not used to hard, rough leather. They are made by the very best workmen, out of the very best material and designed according to the most hygienic lasts known to the trade. They are very durable be-cause they are made well. They have been known to wear a year, but, of course, that depends on how hard you are on your shoes. They will wear you longer than any other \$3.50 shoe in America. WILSON,
"SLeemaker for Tender Feet,"
929 F street.

## That Bag! That trunk!

-any of those traveling things. You can buy them until the first of September at 10 per cent off.

Kneessi, 425 7th St.



" SIESTA."

The Spanish call the noon-day rest from the hot sun, Siesta. Just as necessary in our cli-

mate, if we would do it : but here it is business-rushing about and use of energy in the hot sun.
Johann Hoff's Malt Extract taken at meals, or drunk in the office, renders living easier in hot weather. It supplies energy be-

nutritive functions. Beware of imitations. Look for signature of "Johann Hoff" on neck label.

Johann Hoff's Malt Exeract is the only "Hoff's Malt Extract" sold in Europe. Do not be mis-led by the false statements of unscrupulous dealers.

cause it aids digestion and the

EISNER & MENDELSON Co., Sole Agents, New York.

BRIAR PIPE GIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY ONE POUND bale

## for 35 cents Every pipe stamped

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GRATEFUL-COMPORTING-Epps's Cocoa.

BREAKFAST SUIPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of a well-selected Cocon, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many beavy doctors' bills. It is by the Judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maindles are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shart by keeping ounselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazotte.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labeled thus, JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, January and Januar

## You're Too Fat. There Are Others.

Read What They Say—They're Being Cured by Dr. Edison's Obesity Treatment—Hot Weather is Here—Use Dr. Edison's Pills, Sait and Bands for the Fat—Not Patent Medicines—They Make Fat Folks Thin and Comfortable.
Florence Evelyn Merry, author of "Two Girls at the Fair," writing from the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, states that 2." had been gaining flesh spield for five years until September, 1894, when she began using Dr. Edison's Treatment for Obesity. "From Sept. 2 to Dec. 20 1 took Dr. Edison's Obesity Fills and Fruit Sait, and was reduced 54 peupods, and entirely cured of dyspepsia. My complexion was rendered clear and beautiful."

Mercy Sturtevant Wade writing from the Treasury Department, says: "He six weeks Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Sait brought me down 44 pounds and cured me of chroale allinents."

Capt. Henry Caton, long connected with the Post Office Department, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Sait and they reduced me 28 pounds in a month and a half."

Mrs. Col. Stanton, Georgetown, writes: "I took Dr. Edison's Obesity Sait and Fills six weeks, reduced 35 pounds and cleared my complexion."

Francesca Townshende, screetary of the Woman's Ethical Culture Club, writes: "I had been getting fiethy seven years.

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Francesca Townshende, screetary of the Woman's Ethical Culture Club, writes: "I had been mearly a physical wreck. Under Dr. Edison's treatment I have lost 63 pounds in eleven weeks and cured my dyspepsia."

Mrs. Helen Wandall Sturgess. From her residence

have lost 63 pounds in eleven weeks and cured my dyspepsia."

Mrs. Helen Wandall Sturgess, from her residence on F street, writes: "Dr. Edison's Obesity Band has reduced my weight 21 pounds and cured me of kidney troubles, Dr. Edison's Pills and Salt have cured my brother, Col. Wandall of the Department of State, of liver disease and reduced his weight 39 pounds in forty-three days."

Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle; three bottles, \$4, enough for one treatment; Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1. Obesity Band, any size up to 36 inches, is \$2.50; id cents extra for each additional inch in length. Send all mail, express or C.O.D. orders to us. Retail drug trade supplied by Retail drug trade supplied by

E. P. MERTZ, 11th and F n.w. C. C. G. SIMMS, 1346 N. Y. ave. n.w. Send for "How to Cure Obesity." Mention address exactly as given below.

LORING & CO., General Agents, United States,
Chicago, Dept. No. 19, No. 113 State street.

New York city, Dept. 4, No. 42 W. 22d street,
aut.4.20.

Aside from the beautiful light shed from a Siemens-Lungren Gas Lamp it saves the gas by burning it perfectly. We rent them for 25c. per

month. Gas Appliance Exchange,

We've been up to

our neck in claret Orders during August, and it's all on account of our special offer of 6 bottles of delicious To-Kalon Claret for

To-Kalon Brandy, for making brandy peaches only \$3.50 gallon. To-Kalon Wine Co., 614 14.

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S. HELLER'S,

\$1 during this month only.

\$2.59. Formerly \$3.00. \$4.50. Formerly \$0.50. \$6.50. Formerly \$10.50. [7] First-class attendance in Hair Dressing. Shampooing, etc. Try our "Curiette," for keeping the hair in curl.

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